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Wait till Trouble Comes.
We sit down, way-worn and weary,
And think of the days to be
And forget there's a silver lining,
To all the clouds we see.

WRITING FOR LIFE.

"My dear Tom, I speak to you not only as an old friend, but as a medical man; and I see that it is quite necessary for you to have complete and perfect rest for some weeks. You have been overdoing it in nursing that old uncle in the country for the last three months, and to my own knowledge, have taken the last train down there at night and the first train to town in the morning, and have consequently not had a good night's rest for all that time. How can a man stand it, added to your hospital work all day, without suffering from it? Don't you feel to require rest?"

of horrors and impending railway accidents, and who finally dissolved in a shower of tears as I tore myself away, burthened with no ends of rugs and comforters to alleviate in some measure the moral wet blanket she had thrown over me.
I was only just in time to catch Raven, who hastily opened the door of the railway carriage.
"Jump in, Jack, jump in! Half-a-crown to the guard has secured this compartment for us all the way down; so we shall have it to ourselves without fear of interruption. Time's up; you have run it fine. Fire away!"

to look at my poor friend, and saw him trying intently to read my scribble by the light of the lamp, seemingly unconscious of the stopping of the train. In another moment the glass descended. The knife dropped upon the platform, my hand was thrust through the window and on the handle of the door. The train nearly stopped as I jumped out, shut the door, and held the handle firmly. Poor Raven even then was quite engrossed with what I had written for him. I called the guard, and secretly and quietly the porters were assembled on the platform at the door of the carriage.
"Come, Tom, this is Swindon! Let us have a cup of coffee!" I called to him through the window.
In that moment the spell was broken. I saw him look for his knife, then rush to the window at the opposite side; but we were too quick and too powerful for him. The guard, two porters, and myself jumped into the carriage, and he was secured.

Pre-Historic Footsteps.
Oregon, the Arcadia for the red man, rich in minerals and fertile in soil, held a numerous population of aborigines who still flourished when the white man set foot within its borders. They dwelt near the rivers and the shore of the ocean, were warlike and primitive, floated their canoes upon the streams and lived their wild life undisturbed. Less than a century has swept them into oblivion, leaving only a few bleached bones, a few stone idols, and a few implements of warfare and domestic use. No earth-works, nor temples, houses, nor pottery remain. Yet tradition and the great shell beds prove that numerically these people were strong. Thinking of their sudden extinction, we may wonder at the brevity of human life and the effacing power of time, who passes his hand over a race and it disappears like figures under a sponge. These people worshipped, for they have left their idols. They joyed, sorrowed and loved in their rude way, and now there remains of them only a few feeble creatures in the lowest scale of humanity.
Then there are the mound-builders, of Ohio, that curious race long departed, who left their earthworks to puzzle a civilized people. One writer describes the observatory mounds as forming a chain of signal stations so located as to communicate across the country from the highest hilltops, and undoubtedly served the people who built them as telegraphs whose messages were beacon lights. Inside these mounds is an arch of clay and stone and an altar. These and some flint implements are all that remain of those vanished tribes. They leaned toward civilization, and had a certain form of government is a theory not unsupported by the traces they have left. They tilled the soil and cultivated art in figures sculptured from the hardest stone.
Another race was contemporaneous with the mound-builders. They were agricultural and ingenious, and they wrote their history for us in curious pottery. Earthen vessels shaped like tortoiseshells, shells, fish and birds are found in the pottery mounds in Missouri. They carved stone with great skill, too. Human heads of almost Grecian beauty adorn many of their works. They, too, suddenly disappeared, leaving behind them a wonderful record in stone and pottery. All that remains of their patience, industry and skill are found in their mounds, graves, and in the relics scattered about the vicinity of the habitations. What wind of fate swept them out of existence is not yet known.
Near Joliet, Illinois, a row of human skeletons with copper ornaments beside them were found recently, and several sections of Minnesota, send news of similar discoveries. One mound revealed six hundred skeletons, supposed to be the remains of Indian braves slain in a battle which tradition says took place several centuries ago between the Chippewas and Sioux, the former winning the day.
Everywhere over the earth lie buried the tribes and races that flourished before history was, and before civilization began. How limitless is the store of facts the silent earth holds hidden in her bosom! Ages pass and races perish yet she loses not the record of either. Under her fresh and smiling face, green with verdure and bright with flowers, are the tombs of the centuries. Wonderful are the forces of nature, the laws of change. Who can contemplate the mighty evolution of the universe and not feel the egotism of his soul grow less, and hear in fancy the tramp of the army of years in their march toward oblivion?—Chicago Express.

Sun Storms Through a Telescope.
The Providence Journal says the great fire-ball is in intense commotion. His surface is scamed and scarred in every direction with black spots that indicate the disturbing elements at work in his chaotic mass. Occasionally, for a day or two, the blemishes disappear, and the glorious king of day shows a face like a shield of glowing gold. But the aspect quickly changes; spots come rushing in all directions and assuming all forms. They appear singly and in pairs, and again in groups and rows. Immense groups break up into small ones unite to form great classes, into which half a dozen worlds might be dropped and there would still be room for more. Sometimes the spots are visible to the naked eye, and at that time a good opera glass or a spy glass will make them easily perceptible. Hundreds of observers all over the world watch the sun's face every clear day, and keep a record of the number of spots, their size and the direction in which they move, for as the sun turns on his axis they turn with him, some of them remaining for months without much change, some taking on new forms and some disappearing entirely. Very little is known of this mysterious sun or the spots that are visible more than 90,000,000 miles away.
Once in about eleven years the sun takes on his present sun-spot phase, and we are approaching the maximum of disturbance. No one knows the cause. Some believe that it is the fall of great masses of meteoric matter, and some that it is the result of internal commotion and a rush upward of gaseous explosions, in comparison with which our fiercest volcanic eruptions are but the flicker of a name. Besides the sun-spot agitation, the gaseous outbursts are marked and vivid. The tongues of flame or rosy protuberances are darting forth in all directions and bearing their testimony to the solar commotion. Mr. Trouvelot, of Cambridge, who makes daily observation of the sun's chromosphere, gives a graphic description of a remarkable solar protuberance that he witnessed on November 16. When first seen it was large and complicated, extending upward from the sun about 100,000 miles. Three or four hours after it had developed into huge proportions, extending far out into space, and vanishing gradually to regions where it could not be perceived. As nearly as it could be measured, it reached a height of over a quarter of the sun's diameter, or about 235,000 miles. Such a protuberance hurled upward from the earth would almost reach the moon! Two hours after, the whole structure had collapsed, and was only about 18,000 miles high. Observations like this give an idea of the mighty forces at work in the solar orb, and make observers long for the time when a satisfactory solution may be found for this mysterious periodical solar disturbance, so intimately connected with the meteorological conditions of the earth.
Life in the Eternal City.
My sister and I came to Rome to study, and are obliged to live as economically as possible. We have two large, sunny rooms in the apartment of the Marchioness. They are furnished luxuriously—one as a parlor, and looks upon a bright piazza paved in asphalt for the benefit of the tribunal opposite. For all this comfort we pay 70 francs (14 dollars) per month, services included. But the secret of it is that this is not the new part of the city, where foreigners mostly congregate. It is only a short walk from St. Peter's, but on the healthy side of the Tiber, and it was obtained through an Italian friend, and that is half the victory; for deep down in the Italian nature is the desire to get the most out of any stranger who may come within their reach. One's first lesson here is how to avoid being cheated. We take our dinners at a restaurant, or have them sent, and make our coffee in the morning, and a 5 o'clock supper. In the shops where we buy our provisions they look at us as we look at Zulus. Our piazza is a perfect kaleidoscope of Italian life. Mothers sit together on the steps of the tribunal all the afternoon and gossip and knit, or follow after we little babies in leading strings. Soldiers lounge about, or rouse themselves at sight of a pretty peasant, and boys sit and play morra by the hour, calling out the numbers vociferously, and holding up their fingers in rapid succession. It certainly seems to the observer the most absurd of all games, but it is said to cause a great number of murders, for quarrels always lead to the knife here. Often I am called to the window by the tramp of a regiment as they pass to and from the barracks, or to look at a review; and very often the funeral procession of a priest winds across the square, his vestments lying on a bier, followed by a long line of monks, bearing tapers, and chanting a dirge. Within, the Marchioness and her husband afford us no end of amusement. They belong to one of the many titled but penniless families in Italy who live on pride and macaroni.—Letter from Rome.
You may be poor, you may be unknown, you may never reach distinction. Still, you can shut the door.

Stories of Animals.
The burg of Maryhill, Scotland, is overrun with rats. They are actually running about by thousands. One shop-keeper killed 135 in his shop in a fortnight. A dairy keeper says that the rats have killed and eaten fourteen young pigs and forty fowls belonging to him, leaving nothing behind but a few well-picked bones.
Jack was a dog belonging to T. E. Lincoln, of Chicago. He discovered a fire in the house at night, broke his chain, ran to the door where his master and wife were sleeping, and aroused them just in time as their rooms were full of smoke. It was the furious howling of the dog that awoke them, and thereby saved their lives. The dog was also saved.
In Charlottesville, Va., a child was sick and its father sent a dog for the family physician. After reaching the house the dog scratched upon the door, which was opened, but the dog driven off. He returned again and renewed the invitation. The doctor did not understand the actions of the dog, and only on the following morning when the master told him his child was sick was the strange conduct of the dog explained.
A sheep on a British passenger and mail steamship developed a taste for tobacco, which it ate greedily. This habit was a most conservative measure, since the cook was afraid to kill the animal lest the mutton might be flavored with tobacco. Another case mentioned was that of a kitten five months old, which had a liking for salads. Cucumbers dressed with vinegar were eaten with avidity, even though hot with cayenne pepper. It has eaten boiled beef with mustard, and its mother was once seen to eat a slice of cucumber which had upon it salt, pepper, and vinegar.
One evening a lady belonging to the household of H. C. Reid, of London, found a "rough-haired collie" dog asleep on a rug, and placing her face close to his head, she blew sharply, with a loud shout in one of his ears. Ticked and startled, he jumped up and moved off, seemingly somewhat offended. In the course of the evening, the lady happened to be reclining in an easy chair, when the collie was observed by some of the inmates to rise, and making a circuit, to move stealthily towards the chair, put his forepaws on one of the arms, and placing his nose close to the lady's ear, to give a sharp bark and instantly bound off.
A Vermont dog belonging to H. M. Beebe, of Andover, is a wonder in training. It is a thoroughbred Scotch shepherd, and never makes a mistake when sent after anything. Mr. Beebe has cattle, which are kept in different stables, and he will open a stable door when the cattle are all in the yard, and say to the dog, "Leo, drive them in;" the dog will pick out such cattle as belong in the stable and drive them in without any mistake. Leo is great on devotional exercises. When told that it is prayer time he takes his position in a corner of the room, with his nose in a chair, and will remain (although they may call him and offer him his dinner) until he hears the final amen. The past summer Mr. Beebe left his vest in the cornfield, where it remained a number of days. Wanting it one day, he said to the dog, "Leo, my vest is down in the cornfield; go get it." The dog went directly to the field, and soon returned with the vest.
Words of Wisdom.
When a friend corrects a fault in you, he does you the greatest act of friendship.
Favors of every kind are doubled when they are speedily conferred.
A man may suffer without sinning, he cannot sin without suffering.
Ragged clothing cannot debase a man as much as a frayed reputation.
It is not life to live for one's self alone. Let us help one another.
People's intentions can only be decided by their conduct.
It is to be doubted whether he will ever find the way to heaven who desires to get thither alone.
Poverty often deprives a man of all spirit and virtue. It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright.
It is with you as with plants; from the first fruits they bear we learn what may be expected in future.
Envy is a passion so full of cowardice and sham that nobody ever had the confidence to own its possession.
The very afflictions of our earthly pilgrimages are prestiges of our future glory, and shadows indicate the sun.
Be courteous with all, but intimate with few; and let those few be well tried before you give them your confidence.
Austin Moriarty went home to his wife at Putnam, Conn., and told her that if he was not mistaken he had on the previous day been married to Phoebe Brown at Providence. He had a dim recollection of going with some friends to a clergyman's house while drunk, and becoming the bridegroom in a marriage ceremony. His memory proved sound, for an officer soon arrived with a warrant to arrest him, but his wife by strategy enabled him to escape to Canada.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.
The total sum recommended by the Appropriation bills, as reported, is 191,280,108 dollars and 94 cents.
The losses by fire and robbery of houses and goods through the riot of Jan. 15, at Lima, are estimated at 6,000,000 dollars.
It is said that eighty-seven per cent. of the American emigrants who have recently arrived at Paso del Norte, Mexico, are professional gamblers.
Resolutions in the contested election case for the Third Congressional District of Louisiana, confirming the right of Mr. Acklen, the sitting member, to the seat, were adopted by the House.
On the announcement that the "Bankrupt is about to be put upon the stage," the Boston Commercial Bulletin comments: "Hereabouts he generally goes in his own carriage."
The St. Louis Globe-Democrat calls for two new literary characters. It says: Maggie May and Jennie June are already prominent, and that there is room yet for Aggie August and Sarah September.
The Massachusetts Institute of Technology at Boston has an unusual pupil in ex-Judge Grant, who is nearly 70 years old and has a large law practice in Iowa. He is acquiring a knowledge of chemistry for use in mining litigation.
A white girl flirted with a stranger after dusk in Minneapolis. They walked together until they came to a street lamp, when she saw that he was a negro. She insisted upon his arrest by a policeman, but a magistrate decided that the color was not in itself a punishable offence.
It is stated that no less than 2,220 young girls are at present attending the painting and drawing classes in State and municipal schools in France, while 1,950 girls are studying music in the various Conservatoires and Ecoles de Musique.
Ex-Gov. A. W. Bradford of Maryland died in Baltimore, aged 75 years. He was elected Governor in 1861, holding the position during the most critical period of the war, and was an uncompromising Union man. While he was Governor his residence in Baltimore county was burned by Confederate cavalry. He was a member of the Peace Conference which assembled in Washington, and was Surveyor of the Port of Baltimore under President Johnson, which was the last public office he held.
He Dared.
His Honor had before him the case of a young farmer who was arrested for disturbing the peace and being drunk, and when asked for his defense he said—
"Well, I live out here about twelve miles. Yesterday morning, as I was splitting rails, Bill Adams he came along and dared me to come to town with him. And I dared."
"You hadn't any errand?"
"None at all. After we got here Bill Adams he says to me he'd dare me to take a drink. And I dared. Purty soon, after we had been to a harness shop, he dared me to take another. And I dared."
"That was two drinks?"
"Yes, sir, and after Bill had bought four pounds of nails he dared me to get swizzled. And I dared."
"Was it swizzled?"
"Just drunk enough to think you can lift a barrel of salt, but you can't lift one end of a hat full of bricks."
"Well, go on."
"Well, when we got swizzled Bill he dared me to upset a man carrying a step-ladder. And I dared."
"That's when you got that black eye, eh?"
"Yes, sir, I upset the man, but he got up and knocked me pizen West."
"Was it?"
"Was, then we saw a policeman marching along, and Bill Adams he dared me to pitch him into a snow-bank. And I dared."
"Was it much of a pitch?"
"No, sir—not for the officer. He gave me two cracks on the head and brought me down."
"Well, now I shall dare you to go to the Work House for thirty days," concluded His Honor as he settled back.
The Wrong Wire.
Since the adoption of the new system of calls by members at the telephone office many mistakes have occurred on account of wrong connections, and some have resulted in amusing conversations. Friday the telephone bell in a prominent business house rang and the proprietor proceeded to attend to the summons. A female voice was heard and the following questions and answers ensued. "Hello!" "Yes." "What time are you coming home to supper to-night?" "Why, I've been to supper." "I'd just like to know whom you took supper with?" "Why, with my wife, of course." "How many wives have you, anyway?" "Look here, whom do you think you are talking with?" "With my husband, Mr. ———." "Not much; you are talking to Mr. ———." Upon this the gentleman heard a scream, which appeared to be heard by a number of other ladies in the same room.—Portland Advertiser.